# The Great Shadow

A Romance of Love and European War

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE Author of "SHERLOCK HOLMES," Etc.

(Copyright, 1892, by A. Conan Deyle),

\*\*What was that?\*\*

"Well, laddle, you are doing no good here; and, now that my knee is getting more limber, I was hoping that I might get on active service again. Napoleonic sats are resing on the Control wondered whether, maybe, you might like to do a little active soldering under me."

It wondered whether, maybe, you might like to do a little active soldering under me."

What was that?"

"Well, laddle, you are doing no good here; and, now that my knee is getting more limber, I was hoping that I might get on active service again. I wondered whether, maybe, you might like to do a little active soldering under me."

What was that?"

"Well, laddle, you are doing no good here; and, now that my knee is getting more limber, I was hoping that I might get on active service again. Wendered whether, maybe, you might like to do a little active soldering under me."

"Aye, would I!" I cried.

"But it'll be clear six months before I'll be fit to pass a board, and it's long odds that Boney will be under lock and key before that."

"And thepe's my mother," said I.

"I doubt she'd never let me "o."

"Ah, well, she'll never be asked to SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Jack Caider (who tells the story) is a Scotch smer's son. Big Jem Borscrott is his chum. The Napoleonic unfa are reging on the Con-tinent, and both lads are wildly eager to emist.

### The Shadow on the Waters.

"Ah, well, she'll never be asked to now," he answered, and hobbled on upon his way.

I sat down among the heather, with T the best thing that she gave us was just her own presence. To me it changed my chin in my hand, turning the the whole countryside, and thing over in my mind, and watching the sun was brighter and him in his old brown clothes, with the the brace greener and the air sweeter shoulder, as he picked his way up the from the day she came. Our lives swell of the hill. It was a poor life, were common no longer, now that this at West Inch, waiting to fill my were common no longer, now that we spent them with such a one as she, and the old, dull, gray house she, and the old, dull, gray house sheep, and the same gray house for-was another place in my eyes since ever before me. she had set her foot across the door But over there-over the blue sen-

mat.

It was not her face, though that There was a life fit for a man. There was the Major, a man past his prime, wounded and spent, and yet planning to get to work again, while though I never saw the lass that could match her. But it was her sprit; her queer, mocking ways; her agarit; her queer, mocking ways; her treeh, new fashion of talk; her proud off and play a man's part in the world.

For two days I turned it over in my which new rashon or talk; her prous off and play a man a part which the dress and toss of the For two days I turned it over in my head, which made one feel like the mind, and on the third there came ground beneath her feet, and then something which first brought my resolutions to a head, and then blow them the quick challenge in her eye and all to nothing, like a puff of smoke in the kindly word that brought one up the wind.

I had strolled out in the afternoon

But never quite to her level either. with Cousin Edie and Reb until we found ourselves on the brow of the The me she was always something slope which dips away down to the above and beyond. I might brace beach, It was late in the fall and the myself and blame myself, and do huks were all bronzed and faded, but what I would, but still I could not south breeze came in little hot pants, feel that the same blood ran in our rippling the broad blue sea with white veins, and that she was but a country curling lines. lass as I was a country lad.

The more I loved her the more make a couch for Edic, and there she iny in her listless fashion, happy and frightened I was at her, and she contented, for of all folk that I have could see the fright long before she contented, for of all folk that I have could see the fright long before she warmth and light. I leaned on a tus-sock of grass, with Rob's head upon my knee, and there, as we sat alone time for fear my stumbling talk we saw suddenly thrown upon the might weary her or give her offense. Waters in front of us the shadow of that great man over yonder, who had I known more of the ways of secawled his name in red letters across

Bayonne before long."

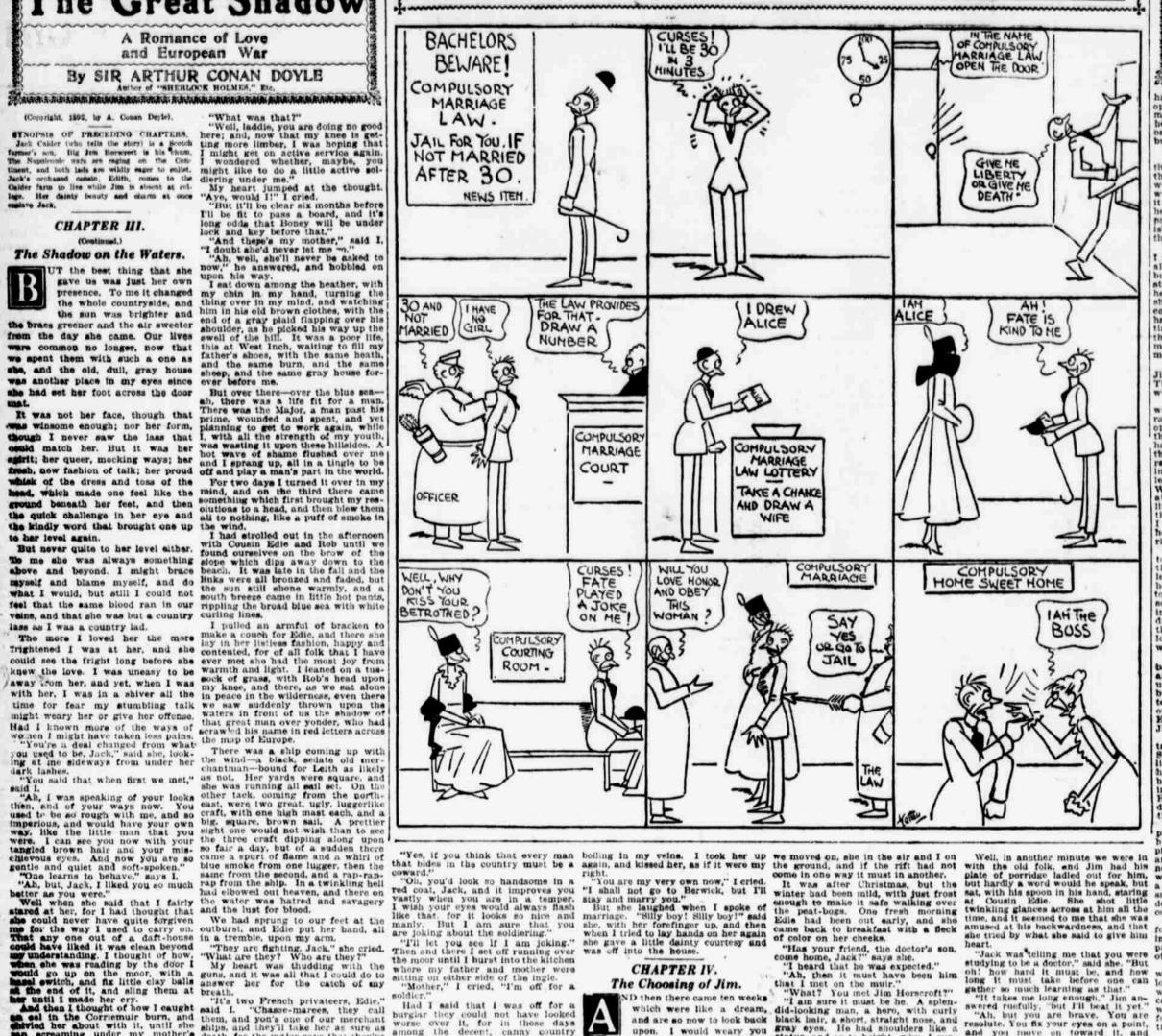
I chucked up my hat. "Then the backward at that; but, whatever her mar will come to an end at last," I intention, her words seemed to strike

war will come to an end at last," I cried.
"Aye, and time, too," said he, shaking his head gravely. "It's been a bloody business. But it is hardly

## Can You Beat It?

by The Pyens Publishing Co.

By Maurice Ketten



will come to an end at last," I intention, her words seemed to strike intention. "Why, you are quite your rude, old, impudent self," said she, patting her hair with her two hands. "You have tossed me. Jack. I had no idea that you would be so forward."

The words are the words seemed to strike intention, her words seemed to strike intention. It is her two hands. "You have tossed me. Jack. I had no idea that you would be so forward."

But all my fear of her was gone and "Why, you are quite your rude, old, impudent self," said she, patting her hair with her two hands. "You have tossed me. Jack. I had no idea that you would be so forward."

But all my fear of her was gone and "Why, you are quite your rude, old, impudent self," said she, patting her hair with her two hands. "You have tossed me. Jack. I had no idea that you would be so forward."

But all my fear of her was gone and "Why, you are quite your rude, old, impudent self," said she, patting her hair with her two hands. "You have tossed me. Jack. I had no idea that you would be so forward."

But all my fear of her was gone and "You have tossed me. Jack." Such as a solder?"

AND I TRANSPORT OF A PROPERTY OF A PROPERTY

### NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE MOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD The Teeth of the Tiger By MAURICE LEBLANC

had no collar nor tie, his vest was open, his hair matted, and his face mottled, like a man who has drunk heavily, overnight. He carried an bissies on either side of the path. "Why, Jimi" said I. But the looked at me in the way that the vide seem at should be called." "said I, turgine should be called." "said I, turgine when he knew that he was in the wind, and yet set his will to brasen it out. Not a word did he say, but he wong, and yet set his will to brasen it out. Not a word did he say, but he wong, and yet set his will to brasen it out. Not a word did he say, but he had, with a said path and cutting at the bushes. Ah, well, I was not anger with himself. Ah, well, I was not anger with himself. Ah, well, I was not anger with himself. Ah, well, I was not large with himself. Ah, well, I was not anger with himself. Ah, well, I was not any bitself. Ah well, saw her hand passed over his shoulder, and that his kisses were as welcome to her as ever mine had been.
Then he set her down again, and I
found that this had been their parting, for indeed in another hundred
paces they would have come in view
of the upper windows of the house.
She walked slowly away, with a
ways back once or twice, and he stood

"Jack was telling me that you were studying to be a doctor," said she. "But oh! how hard it must be, and how long it must take before one can gather so much learning as that."

"It takes me long enough," Jim answered ruefully, "but I'll beat it yet."

"Ah, but you are brave. You are "Ah, but you are brave. You are well as his eyes met mine."

Cousin Edie laughed at all this, and I laughed because she did, but I was you at West Inch and she loves mo at the brac-side, and in her devil's heart too much to believe, but the major on the third day afterwards I was going up Corriemuir by the sheep-track, when who should I see striding down but Jim himself. But he curse he was too much. I could not side, "The was too much to believe, but the major the helifire hussy to the right-about."

But this was too much. I could not side. "The was nother to be and the shadow had lain so the long over us that it was wondrous to feel that it was lifted. Indeed, it was too much to believe, but the major had been to make as we could not allow and the shadow had lain so the long over us that it was lifted. Indeed, it was too much to believe, but the major had been to make as we could not allow over us that it was lifted. Indeed, it was too much to believe, but the major had been to make as we could not allow over us that it was lifted. Indeed, it was too much to believe, but the major had been to make as we could not allow over us that it was lifted. Indeed, it was too much to believe, but the major had been to make as we could not allow over us that it was wondrous to the brace-side, and in her devil's heart too much to believe, but the major had been to make as we could not allow over us that it was lifted. Indeed, it was too much to believe, but the major had been too much to believe, but the major had been too much to believe, but the major had been too much to believe, but the major had been too much to believe, but the major had been too much to believe, but the major had been too much to believe to make as the believe but the shadow had lain so that the shadow had lain so the shadow had lain so the shadow had lain so that the shadow had lain so t going up Corriemuir by the sheep the helifire hussy to the right-about."

But this was too much. I could not silles have got Paris, Boney has ing down but Jim himself. But he curse her in my ewn heart, and still thrown up the sponse, and his people was another man from the big, kind-less could I stand by and hear another ly fellow who had surved his por-man do it, not though it was my oldest the Bighteenth."

Co Be Continued.

weeks I had an aching heart; indeed, it is a little sore how, after all these years and a happy marriage, when I

They are selected with a view to suiting the tastes of all readers.

And the tremendous success of the plan has long been demonstrated.

In The Evening World's "COMPLETE NOVEL EACH WEEK" series is the feremest work of such "best-seller" authors as Robert W. Chambers, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Rupert Hughes, James Oliver Curwood, Morgan Robertson, Margaret Widdomer, George Randolph Chester, Louis Joseph Vance, Edgar Rice Burroughs and many others of